

Feb. 23, 1978 Thurs.

Dear Vicki and Jimmy,

We are having nice spring weather, altho it is raining this morning and the fog is rolling in.

Dad and I drove up to the cabin the other day and the work is still going on to repair the damage from the flood. Our old fishing road is still closed because parts of the road caved into the river. We hope to go up more often this summer and do some fishing.

Sandi and Dick and their children spent this last weekend up there and went skiing. They froze at night in the cabin, but otherwise had a very good time as the skiing was perfect.

Mary and Mike have been going out alot to Political functions. Saturday night they went to a Chinese opera which was held in China town. Mary said it was very, very interesting with all the bright costumes and the banging. People just walked in and out, which is the custom I guess. After the opera they had Chinese food at the restaurant next door. We have Diane alot and I don't know what she will do with out me if they move away.

Jimmy, do you remember the magic box that you have in your room? It is the one where different panels have to be slid the right way to open it. Any way dad finially figured it out which made him happy. He is feeling just fine and doesn't go for therapy treatments anymore. I knew all the time that he didn't have arthritis.

I think I told you that Jeannie had her ears pierced. Now we are working on Aunt Stella to have it done. I am so glad I finially have pierced ears.

Our flowers that we planted last fall are blooming and the grass is still too wet to mow, but I am anxious to get our yard fixed up. I cleaned out the storage cabinet Saturday and it looks very nice. I have a huge load to take to the Dump and I also had a lot to give to the Salvation Army. I hated to part with much of it but it is silly to hang on to old tools which we will never use everything else that I tossed.

I wonder if you went to Germany, Jimmy. Your big trip will be coming up soon also.

I probably can't go walking today as it is raining too hard. More later.

Love, Mom.